

# The Grail

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## FATHER ABBOT'S PAGE

My dear Readers of the Grail:



I want to make an announcement to you. However, before doing this I must say something about the Eucharistic Congress in Cleveland. It was my good fortune to be there, and how gratifying it was to see such a magnificent demonstration of Catholic faith. From all parts of the country streams of persons had poured into the city of Cleveland. No one had anticipated such a heavy attendance. The Cleveland Stadium and Auditorium are vast structures. But they were entirely too small for the Eucharistic Congress. Thanks to the well placed loud speaking system the overflow of Congress visitors could at least hear with their ears the ceremonies that they could not see with their eyes. On the closing afternoon the Stadium was filled to capacity long before the procession thither. The 20,000 who participated in the procession occupied space in the arena of the Stadium. They made up that beautiful living monstrosity that surrounded the Eucharistic Presence. Outside the Stadium and in the heavily flanked streets through which the procession had passed there remained persons enough to fill the Stadium twice again.

I wonder if ever before there was so grand a recitation of the Rosary as on the afternoon of this eucharistic procession, September 26, 1935. Imagine if you can a Rosary recitation with more than 350,000 participants. A voice through the loud speakers led the Rosary so that all in the Stadium, in the procession, and along the streets through which the procession passed could hear and respond to the one who led the Rosary. The Litany of the Sacred Heart was also recited by this throng. Hymns were interspersed and music by numerous bands was played.

For the time of the Congress Cleveland was overwhelmingly Catholic. Vested Prelates

passed through the hotels and along the streets. Eucharistic doctrine was proclaimed through the microphone and the daily papers. Eucharistic doctrine entered even into the editorials of Cleveland's dailies. What a wonderful impulse of edification Cleveland received from this intensified eucharistic impression. It was like a day of victory for the hidden Christ in the Blessed Sacrament.

Reluctantly one leaves this beautiful subject of the Eucharistic Congress. Yet, I intended to make an announcement. By its very nature it brings us back to the prosaic problems of everyday life with its difficulties. There are those who are greatly pleased with our Grail magazine. It makes us feel glad to receive from time to time letters of warm appreciation. It is at least a partial recompense for the earnest efforts put forth to carry on the work of spreading Catholic literature. Like other efforts put forth in behalf of good causes it takes money to sustain material actions. The Grail is not a begging magazine. Even now I am not begging for money for the Grail, even though we are losing several hundred dollars each month in the effort to carry on the good work. All we seek is subscriptions at the very low subscription rate of \$1.00 per year.

Past experience with magazine agents has been so damaging that we have dropped all outside agents. One of the Fathers of our own Monastery has taken up the good work of interesting persons in the Grail. I introduce to you the Reverend Charles Dudine, O. S. B., a Father of our own Benedictine Monastery here in St. Meinrad. He is soliciting the cooperation of parish units for the sake of spreading the Grail. In case you meet him, lend him your support, knowing that he is representing our Abbey and the Grail magazine.

All around you you have heard about Catholic Action. Learn to take a part in that beautiful  
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## *A Message to You*

Dear Friends,

In the special intention for the month of September our Holy Father has again called upon the League of the Sacred Heart for their prayers in a most worthy cause. He invited the millions of members of the League to pray for the success of the Catholic Press.

Repeatedly have we been urged by our Bishops that Catholic Literature should be more widely spread and that the faithful should apply themselves to the reading of Catholic Literature so as to become better informed in matters of religion. Never before was there a greater need of such information. Current literature and godless education are leading thousands of Catholics away from the true doctrine of Christ. This evil cannot be checked without Catholic reading in our homes.

"Enthusiasm for the Church" was the slogan proposed by Archbishop McNicholas for the National Convention of the Catholic Student's Mission Crusade held at Dubuque in August. His Eminence expressed his gratification that the Catholic Youth gave such evident proof that they recognized the command of our Lord: "Going forth teach ye all nations," was directed not only to the hierarchy but to the laity as well.

It was on the same occasion that the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Rev. Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, emphasized the fact that Catholic Action was evident in the time of the Apostles as proven by the words of St. Paul: "Those women who have labored with me in the Gospel, with Clement and the rest of my fellow laborers, whose names are in the book of life." (Phil. 4, 3)

The Grail offers you a splendid opportunity of practicing true Catholic Action by spreading Catholic Literature while at the same time financing a parish project. We offer any parish organization 25 cents on every \$1.00 subscription for the Grail and make the same allowance of 25 cents for every renewal.

Upon request we will send you subscription blanks together with sample copies and the list of the members of your parish who have subscribed.

Kindly avail yourself of the opportunity to labor for the cause of religion and for the financial aid of your own parish.

Very respectfully yours,

Charles Dudine, O. S. B.

# Like a Sheep in the Rain

Robert Morthorst, O. S. B.

**C**URIOSITY was his weakness, and now that he had attended Mass for the first time, he fairly oozed questions. I could see that he had been deeply impressed by his experience; but, since I also knew that he considered all display of emotions mere sentimentality and weakness, I was prepared for some cynical and sarcastic remark. I didn't have long to wait.

"It was all right," he admitted; "but what was the priest doing when, at the beginning of the Mass, he hung his head like a sheep in the rain?"

Putting aside the possible irreverence which he had assumed to disguise his feelings, his figure of speech struck my fancy. The priest was standing in the rain, in the rain of sin and vice showered upon him, an *alter-Christus*, by the whole of sinful humanity. The priest was another Lamb of God being led to the Sacrifice. Then, too, the Bible says a thing or two about separating the sheep from the goats on the Last Day. So I took my friend's words out of his mouth and returned them with compound interest.

The priest, at the Confiteor, has a good many reasons for hanging his head "like a sheep in the rain." Perfection isn't usually found in this world; and even the priest, as he prepares to ascend the altar to renew Calvary's perpetual Sacrifice, feels that his imperfections should rather drive him away than allow him to presume too much on the mercy of God. Feeling this, he bows low, folds his hands, and humbly makes a public confession in order to purify himself from the least stain of sin.

By the posture of his body, the priest wishes to show not only to God and His angels and Saints, but also to all men that he is not presuming on his own merits when he approaches the altar of God. His servile attitude recalls his utter dependence on God: Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier. He bows low to show that, like the publican of the Gospel, he is aware of his own imperfections and dares not lift his eyes to heaven. He humiliates himself before the whole world, before the whole heavenly

court, and before the offended majesty of God, because he realizes that he who humiliates himself shall be exalted.

He debases himself because he is aware, likewise, that he bears the sins of others as well as his own. His office demands that he stand between God and man to propitiate Divine Justice. Christ, his Model, showed him the best way to do this; so he willingly yet fearfully accepts the burden imposed on him by his sacred calling. The Lamb of God ascended the sacrificial mound loaded down with mankind's sins. The priest is about to ascend the altar steps to renew Calvary's Sacrifice. How can he better imitate the Master than by assuming man's debt of sin in order to drown it out in the Blood which he is about to bring to earth?

A mystic meaning or two likewise attaches itself to the folded hands of the priest. Folded hands have always been symbolic of prayer and adoration. This meaning is clear to everyone; but the priest has other reasons and derives other meanings from his folded hands. He sees himself the servant, the slave, the prisoner with bound hands. Something of this meaning can be found in the ordination service. Towards the close of the long ceremony each newly-ordained priest approaches the bishop and places his folded hands into the hands of the bishop, promising at the same time obedience and reverence. We might say that, at the Confiteor, the priest places his folded hands into the wounded hands of Christ, promising reverence and amendment. Again, the priest folds his hands to show that he surrenders himself entirely to God. He places absolutely no trust in his own strength or merits. He wishes, nevertheless, to manifest outwardly his confidence that his petition for grace and mercy will be heard. Are not the folded hands of the priest eloquent of praise and supplication?

However, during the recitation of the Confiteor, the priest separates his hands long enough to perform another act singularly full of meaning. The threefold striking of the  
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# The Lovely Enigma

Amedea Patricia Bortolotti

## SYNOPSIS

Aline Randall, beautiful young governess in the wealthy La Claire home in Chicago, is in love with Laurence La Claire, uncle of Aline's two young charges. As governess, Aline is sensitive about her inferior social position, but is made to feel at home by Mrs. Mason who also lives with the La Claires.

After a lover's quarrel following Laurence's concealed proposal of marriage to lift Aline from her position as servant, the two profess their love for each other. Laurence wants to marry her at once, but Aline plans to consult her guardian in Dubuque, Iowa, before giving her final answer. At Laurence's request Aline consents to present him to her guardian. The story continues as Laurence and Aline leave for Dubuque.

## CHAPTER 9

**B**RIGHT and early the next morning Aline opened the romance of Marianne and James, resolving to leave her own problems await solution after she had finished reading.

### Part Three

"It is getting rather cold for you out here some of these October days, Marianne. The painting is near its finish. No, you can't see it yet; not until it is all finished."

"I could kneel longer if it would help you finish quicker."

"To tell the honest truth, it will be finished today if you work overtime about ten minutes."

"Oh, how lovely! I certainly shall. My curiosity to see that painting is reaching a terrible degree." As she knelt, peaceful, at ease, happy, she felt a little ruffle of gloom come over her soul as she realized that with the end of the painting her joyous friendship with Jim would end. She had been studying him carefully, sacrificing little hurts patiently, and like a mother whose love grows with every sacrifice for her child, so Marianne's love grew for Jim. He seemed hers to care for, hers to love, hers to think of, hers to want. Many days little sarcastic remarks had slipped from him, and although he never apologized, she felt he was immediately sorry. He was gradually saying less conceited things, less sarcastic things, and she gloried in his change of manner, and with every bit of change she loved him more. De-

liberately she had seen little of him in the evenings, had gone scarcely anywhere with him. But how many evenings had he joined herself, Marie, and Alphonse for a game of "Hearts"! In the afternoons he had gone off by himself to paint, perhaps, or study. She had not questioned him. With a sudden doubt she wondered if he sensed her growing love, and if all this was but a policy of his to win her heart and then laugh in his victory. She involuntarily shuddered.

"The painting is done. You're cold; I've been inconsiderate."

"No, I'm not really cold, Jim. May I see the picture?"

"You may." He left her.

Marianne stood before the "Lovely Enigma" in amazement. He had painted into her features a radiance of trust and piety that was too heavenly to be hers. Her doubt in his earnestness vanished, for this was HIS interpretation of her soul, and although it was too wonderful, it revealed a great deal of what he must think of her.

"How is it, Master?" Jim was back.

"Oh!" she started. "It's beautiful—too idealistic to be exactly true to life, Jim. I'm proud of you."

"It's very real in my eyes, Marianne. Doesn't every man think the woman he loves as near perfect as creature can be?"

Marianne didn't know just what he meant and didn't dare form any hasty conclusions. She looked off into the trees, waiting for him to say more.

"Four months ago you became my lovely enigma; next June will you be my lovely enigma to possess, to guard always?"

She looked at him. Again that doubt—was he just acting? Well, if he were and really did not love her, he would be the loser, for not having experienced the love he claimed to bear her. But she mustn't doubt him—she mustn't let him see there was even a little coloring of doubt. He



believed in her trust; he trusted in her faith in him.

"I think I'd love being an artist's model for life—if I loved the artist. Jim—I love the artist." She laid her hand on his left shoulder and his right arm encircled her.

"This artist will never paint another model, without this model's consent and approval. The artist loves the model."

"I'll buy your ring this afternoon. I didn't dare hope with certainty." So he spoke as he raised his lips from hers and put his paints back into the bag. "May I see you this evening?"

"I promised to go riding with Charles. Every other evening—darling." She watched him with such love. How much a woman's face reveals and how little a man sees it when he too loves.

"We'll tell everyone of our engagement?" He was a big boy after all.

"Yes, sir! I'm going to tell Marie and Alphonse this afternoon; because, Jim, I think it might prove a double wedding next June!"

"Really? I never suspected it; now that you mention it, I wouldn't be surprised if it did prove a double wedding."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hello there Charley! Guess I get that laugh on you that I promised you once. Marianne has just accepted." Jim greeted his brother enthusiastically, too happy to be considerate.

"Accepted? the painting?" inquired Charles.

"No! Shes' going to be my wife next June! We're engaged." Jim laughed heartily.

"I can't understand how—how she could ever accept you for a husband." Charles bit his words off.

"You can't? Just my technique. Told you to adopt new methods."

"It isn't your methods; you had to change them. You're just lucky, younger—and—"

"And possess personality. Well, I won fairly, Charley. My laugh on you was promised you. You knew what to expect. I've got to tell the boys. The painting is finished too. By the way, Marianne tells me you have the evening with her. Well, bid her goodbye forever, for she's promised me every other evening. Guess I better tell Mr. Renneau, although I've already

spoken to him of my intentions." Jim banged out of the room with a boyish laugh.

"I'm through being a gentle fool. I'm going to be rash," muttered Charles and left the house.

Jim had dinner alone and began to think things over. He hadn't been exactly kind to Charles. After all, Charles loved Marianne, always had, and he couldn't change his ways. Jim left the table to go and apologize to Charles, but Charles was gone. He did not return for tea or later. That evening Jim saw Charles and Marianne drive off together. Charles was radiant. Jim had been needlessly worried. After all, surely Charley understood that he, Jim Mason, had played square. And if Charles didn't know, Marianne would convince him.

"It's getting late, Charles, and you must be tired driving around. About ten, isn't it?" There wasn't a trace of hurry in her tone, or fear, or complaint.

"I dislike ending this evening; Jim tells me it is to be our last." Finally Charles had spoken of her engagement!

"I suppose it is to be our last evening together alone," she replied sweetly. "I've enjoyed these evenings with you, Charles."

"Do you know where we are?" he demanded, unlike himself.

"Somewhere very far west of our home," she replied.

"We're in the Forest Preserves, west on Chicago Avenue."

"I see. I thought you were lost for a moment."

"No, just found myself. I'm not going to bring you home tonight, Marianne." Charles stopped the car.

"Charles—what is the matter?" She wasn't hysterical.

"No one is around. I'm not going to take you home until morning—and you'll have to marry me later on. That's all." His words were positive, most likely memorized.

"Why do you want these plans?" She didn't take him seriously.

"I love you. I've played fair to win you and lost. I want you; Jim isn't going to have you—and so I'm going to get you any way I can." He faced her, speaking earnestly.

"Charles, I'm not the type of girl you could frighten into marrying you. Marriage is too

serious a thing. Anyhow, our marriage could be dissolved if you forced me into it and if I steadily refused and married you through fear or against my will. But I won't even marry you through fear or against my will. Two mistakes cannot make a correct thing. I refuse to marry you, Charles. I do not love you—that way." Marianne meant what she said.

"You'd marry me after being with me here tonight."

"I certainly would not. I don't care what people would think. I didn't choose this thing and I won't consent to marriage because I've been trapped. I admit it was imprudent of me to come riding with you alone these evenings; but Charles, it never struck me as imprudent before. I've known you since we played in the sand pile together, and you've always been so decent, such a gentleman. How could you go back and lie to them about tonight?" She didn't attempt to leave; it would be quite useless.

"If my lie wouldn't force you to marry me, I'll have to make that would-be lie of tomorrow true by my actions tonight."

"Charles, have you insulted me? Oh—that from YOU."

"I didn't want to insult you, and I don't want to take any wrong advantage of you; but I do want you as my wife, and if a lie tomorrow about an innocent night won't force you, and if you won't go and marry me now, then I'll have to make matters such that you'll have to marry me." Then, "Don't you see it's hurting me as much as you? Don't you realize how much I love you?"

"I'm very sorry, but if I ever realized you were even a friend I fail to see it now. I do realize I was a very stupid little girl to have trusted you so. I also realize your love isn't the type of love I care for. You want ME, not my love, or my happiness or my respect. That's a selfish passion, Charles. Now I want you to realize something too. I'll fight you with every bit of strength I have; I'll detest you forever with every power I have to loathe you; and I won't marry you no matter what you do, or say, or tell. If Jim wouldn't believe me, so be it; but I certainly won't spoil my life by marrying someone I don't want to marry. This is final, Charles, and you know me well enough to know I won't change my mind. If your character

can change so quickly, mine can't. I didn't study the seriousness and the beauty of marriage in Ethics just to be frightened into a blunder by a young man with a fixed idea—that of self-gratification. Words fail me to express how I despise you!" Her eyes were blazing, her face alert, her whole expression one of total disgust. She looked out of the window as he remained silent. Her anger died, her face was changed by a wonderful smile. There were tears in her voice; not weak silly tears, but true purpose and sincerity.

"Charles," she turned to him and her left hand closed over his right hand as it lay on the auto seat between them, "what made you this way tonight? How could you want to hurt me so, when I have never hurt you intentionally. Tell me—at least tell me!"

"Jim took you away from me." The words were bitter.

"I was never yours—that way, Charles. I never cared for you as a sweetheart. If it hadn't been Jim, it would have been someone else. I didn't decide to love Jim. I even decided not to. Charles, I always loved you, as I do Alphonse; and I love him very much."

"If you marry Jim, what will that mean for me?" His tone was hard.

"I can still love you as much as I did. Charles, I can't help it. If I married anyone else, I still would love you the same. I can't and won't marry you because I don't love you. You wouldn't really want me as your wife knowing this, if you loved me. If you cared, you'd want me to always think of you as my playmate, my patient friend, my big brother. I've enjoyed coming these evenings with you because you always understood my moods. I swear I did not know you loved me—like that, Charles. I can't believe the Charley who came after me at college but four and a half months ago could sit beside me and insult me. I've always claimed a decent girl with a decent fellow wouldn't ever be insulted. You're so cruel in your bitter way of talking to me tonight. Oh, you'll learn to hate yourself if you remain such a bitter creature. If it's just passion, you'll forget and you wouldn't want to spoil both our lives; and if it's love, you couldn't hurt me. You'd rather die first. You've always listened to me before, why don't you hear me now and answer me?"

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# A Pair of English Martyrs

(Recently canonized)

*Lambert Nolle, O. S. B.*

## THE HOLY MAID OF KENT

Six weeks after the coronation of Anne, Pope Clement VII annulled the sentence of Cramner, sent a bull of censure against Henry, Cramner, and Anne for proceeding before the case had been settled in Rome. But only next March (1534) did he formally declare the union of Henry and Anne invalid. The Pope died the following September. After the coronation Henry expected everyone to acknowledge Anne as his true wife, especially since in September 1533 she had given birth to the notorious Elizabeth. Since then Henry looked at anyone who even hesitated to acknowledge his second marriage as his enemy.

When More had given up the great seal of the Chancellor, Henry had promised him that he would always be gracious to him for the services he had rendered; but his word at that time was of no value whatever, and his sentiments were still more unreliable. The courtiers, knowing the monarch's hatred of More since the coronation, thought he would be glad if More could be publicly exhibited as an unjust man and put out of the way, or if they could frighten him into submission by convicting him of a crime. Soon they discovered that, when Chancellor, a rich widow, whose case he had decided in her favour, had offered him a pair of gloves lined with forty gold pieces. But he could prove that he had told her: "Mistress, since it would be against good manners to refuse a gentlewoman's New Year's gift, I am content to receive your gloves; but as for your money I utterly refuse it." Another similar charge of bribery was as easily rebutted. Soon the king flattered himself that he had found a suitable case for his purpose of ruining More in his relations to the holy Maid of Kent.

This was the girl, Elizabeth Barton, who was afterwards called after the county of Kent in which she had been born. She was first a servant girl and suffered from fits, which probably

were hysterical. She was said to have had visions. By a command of our Blessed Lady, as she maintained, she entered a Benedictine convent at Canterbury. The fame of her supposed sanctity, visions, and miracles spread. The episcopal commissions charged with investigating her case found nothing objectionable in it, and both Fisher and More had no reason to doubt her virtue or her veracity.

Her prophecies became fatal for her and others when they assumed a political character, especially when they touched the marriage of the king. She went (as she said by divine command) to the king and gave him the message from God, that if he did not give up his intention of marrying Anne and take back his true wife he would not be king after seven months. As at that stage the king pretended still he would be glad to know that his first marriage was true, nothing could well be done against her. Whether she was merely deluded or, as some of the king's partisans afterwards maintained, she had confessed that it was all a fraud, is now of little importance. At any rate the prophecy in that version did not become true. If she really had been inspired to give the message to the king, that would be all in order; but she could hardly claim an inspiration for spreading this message broadcast amongst her friends and credulous admirers to their undoing.

At a later stage when Anne was made queen and Henry broke with the Pope, the matter took a more serious aspect. The prophecy might have had the effect of instigating the many noblemen, who were dissatisfied with the turn of events, to enter into a conspiracy and to invite or assist an invasion in order to depose the king. Such an invasion, say by Charles V, would have been justified, he being the nephew of the injured queen Catharine and also the protector of the Church against an apostate king. Besides this, shortly before, Henry had offended the kings of France and Scotland, and

they might be glad enough to have a cause for attacking England. Henry, being a suspicious tyrant, had less confidence in his flattering adherents than dread of his opponents. He not only felt insulted by the rumour but saw a real danger in these reports. He ordered investigations to find out the people who had spread the reports or given credence to them, or who on hearing had not reported them. The propagators as well as the Maid were accused of high treason, punishable by hanging and quartering, the others were liable to ordinary hanging. The nun, with a number of priests, was proceeded with by bill of attainder, i. e., after examination by some commissioners and supposed to be guilty they were condemned by Parliament without having the chance of defence by an advocate or by witnesses. All of them were finally executed. On the list of the accused there were also Bishop Fisher of Rochester and Sir Thomas More, for knowing of and not reporting the rumour. Bishop John at the time was laid up with a serious illness and was excused from appearing. He sent his defence in writing, stating that he had heard only good reports of the nun, and had also once seen her. She had told him of the message to the king; but he did not think it his duty to report it, because he believed that she had told the king herself, and he was afraid if he wrote about it this might pain the monarch, especially if he thought that the Bishop believed in it or approved of it. He was let off with a fine of £300, this being the amount of his total yearly income.

Sir Thomas' name, too, appeared on the bill, and when he heard of it he put up a good defence in a letter to the Secretary Cromwell. He stated that he had at the recommendation of some good priests spoken to the nun, but had told her at the outset he would hear nothing about the affairs of the king. He also sent to Secretary Cromwell a copy of the letter which after his interview he had written to the nun. In it he advised her humbly but firmly not to talk to anyone about the affairs of princes and states, and in general to give to people only those messages which concerned themselves and not others, calling to her remembrance a recent case which had cost the lives of several people mixing themselves up with visions concerning affairs of state.

At the same time he wrote to the king, reminding him of his promise of protection and stating that, if he could not keep the monarch's good opinion, he would care nothing about retaining goods, liberty or life. In spite of all this the king insisted on More's name appearing on the bill. He had to appear before the commissioners for the previous examination to show cause why his name should be struck off the bill. But they took the opportunity of impressing on him the great pain his ungrateful conduct was giving to the king, and promised him forgiveness and favour if More would openly side with Henry. When this did not impress him they began to threaten him. He said calmly: "My lords, these terrors are arguments for children, but not for me." They blamed him for having instigated the king in his book against Luther to exaggerate the authority of the Pope, so that the king was now in some difficulty on account of it. More called upon the king's own testimony that he had warned Henry not to stretch that authority too far and had heard from the king's own lips the reply: "*We will set forth that authority to the uttermost, for we receive from that See our crown imperial.*" At this unexpected revelation they were baffled and dismissed him without mentioning the case of the holy Maid. When he appeared at home very merry, his son Roper thought he was left out of the bill of accusation. More said: "I never remembered that. But I am glad that I gave them such a heavy fall and have gone so far, that without great shame I could never go back again." He knew that his fate was sealed and Roper was very sad.

The commissioners reported to the king, who still wanted Sir Thomas' name to go forth on the bill. But they represented to him that More had such a good defence that the Lords would never condemn him, and that such an issue would be a great disgrace for his majesty. At last, when they begged him on their knees, the king consented grudgingly to the withdrawal of Sir Thomas' name. His daughter Margaret told him next day that his life was safe; but he said: "Putting it off is not giving it up." The delay was not of long duration.

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During Holy Communion the soul is merged with Jesus Christ as a drop of water is lost in the ocean.—*Ven. Père Eymard.*



# Philosophy: Positivism

Gabriel Verkamp, O. S. B.

**A**FTER having described the spirit of modern philosophy in a general way, I will now explain a particular non-scholastic system of philosophy known as Positivism. Auguste Comte (1798-1857) is considered to be the founder of Positivism. Like most erratic systems, so also Positivism owes its origin to an eccentric person. Comte lost his mind for a while and attempted to commit suicide. He also drifted away from his Catholic faith and tried to form a new religion. After recovering from his sickness, Comte proceeded to develop his system of Positivism.

Positivism, however, was not developed by one man only. We already find positivists among the ancient philosophers. Roger Bacon, who lived from 1214 to about 1294, and also Francis Bacon (1561-1626) prepared the way for Positivism. But it was only in the nineteenth century that Positivism became very popular. In general the system of Positivism is as follows: The word 'positive' is used to distinguish positive knowledge from abstract knowledge. According to the positive philosopher our knowledge must be positive not abstract. Only positive knowledge is valid. Our knowledge is positive if we remain within the domain of facts. These facts must fall under our observation or experience. Our only valid knowledge, therefore, is experimental knowledge. Positivism does not admit metaphysical speculation because metaphysics does not remain within the realm of facts.

Experimental knowledge is primarily sense knowledge. In order to experience anything we must be able to see it with our eyes, or hear it with our ears, or touch it with our hands, or taste or smell it. There is also internal experience, i. e., we may experience our own affections, our sympathies, or inclinations. Hence the data of sense experience, which can be either external or internal, constitute the only objects of human knowledge.

Positivism is thus a system of philosophy which does not deserve the name of philosophy. Philosophy has been defined as knowledge of

things through their ultimate causes. But since we have no experience of these ultimate causes, they are not knowable according to the positivist. In other words, there is no knowledge of things through their ultimate causes, i. e., there is no philosophy.

What are the consequences of Positivism? There are certain things of which we have no sense experience. Thus we have no sense knowledge or experience of God. We cannot see God nor hear Him nor in any other way reach Him with our senses. Likewise, we have no direct sense knowledge of the existence of our soul. Again, we have no sense knowledge of many fundamental principles, as, for instance, the principle of causality. Thus, according to the Positivist, we cannot prove the existence of God, since God is outside of our experience. And we cannot prove the existence of God because we would have to make use of abstract principles that are not valid. Thus it is easy to see how Positivism leads to irreligion. It is especially the irreligious person that will embrace Positivism, for he thinks that here he has a scientific basis for rejecting God and his moral obligations.

But we may ask: do all Positivists reject the existence of God and of spirits? We must divide the Positivists into two classes. One class openly denies the existence of God and of spirits. Thus Thomas Hobbes, an English philosopher, who was one of the forerunners of Positivism, said that nothing but what is bodily can exist. According to him the existence of spiritual beings and metaphysical entities are myths. Philosophy is concerned only with bodily beings.

Another class of Positivists does not openly deny the existence of such beings, but they say we can neither affirm nor deny the existence of spiritual substances. Thus Emile Littré, a follower of Comte, neither affirmed nor denied anything concerning what may exist outside of experience. In other words, this class professes agnosticism, i. e., an attitude of 'we don't know!'

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# Indian Missionary Laid to Rest

*Benedict Brown, O. S. B.*

FOR nearly half a century a missionary among the Sioux Indians on the Crow Creek reservation at Stephan, South Dakota, Father Pius Boehm, O. S. B., was summoned to his eternal reward on July 19, 1935. Three days later the mortal remains of the beloved missionary were consigned to Mother Earth in the little God's Acre hard by the mission church. In that same hallowed ground the deceased had buried those of his flock who had gone before him to the "happy hunting ground." The tears and sobs of the simple children of the prairie who were present at the burial bespoke the love they felt for their departed father in Christ as well as their grief at his loss. The Bishop of Sioux Falls, the Most Reverend Bernard J. Mahoney, celebrated the pontifical funeral Requiem and preached after the Mass. The services in the cemetery were conducted by the Prior of St. Meinrad's Abbey, the community of which Father Pius was a member. Three of the active pallbearers were elderly Indians: Joseph Touched, Thomas White, and Clement Wounded Knee, pupils of the mission school in the early days. The other pallbearers were three whites, sons of pioneer settlers. The grave had been dug at the foot of the beautiful crucifixion group that Father Pius had caused to be erected there.

Father Pius Boehm, O. S. B., was born February 12, 1852, close to Troy, Indiana, and some twelve miles distant from the place that the Benedictines selected two years later for the future Abbey of St. Meinrad. At baptism he was named George. A maternal aunt, whose marriage had remained childless, adopted the infant who was in delicate health. At the age of twelve, according to the custom of those days, he received his first Holy Communion. One year later, 1865, we find him enrolled among the students of St. Meinrad's College. From those years little has come down to us except that he was a talented student and kept at the head of his class; he was popular

with the other students, took part in athletics, and was captain of his baseball team. On one occasion he saved a fellow student from drowning.

Feeling a call to the religious life, George Boehm was admitted in June, 1870, at the age of eighteen to the novitiate of the Benedictine priory at St. Meinrad, which in September of that year became an abbey. The future Abbot, then Prior, Martin Marty, who was later on to become a renowned Indian missionary himself and then first Bishop of Dakota Territory, gave the postulant the religious garb. The following year on June 29, 1871, the novice pronounced his vows as Frater Pius, the name by which henceforth he was to be known. When he had completed his theological studies in the abbey school, Father Pius with ten classmates was ordained to the priesthood on May 28, 1877, by Bishop Maurice de St. Palais, the ordinary of Vincennes, as the diocese was known before the episcopal see was transferred to Indianapolis. On June 3, six days after his ordination, the young priest offered up his first Holy Mass. His father, who was Lutheran at the time, became a Catholic in later life.

The first assignment given to Father Pius as priest was that of chaplain to the Benedictine Sisters at Ferdinand; the second was to the parish of St. Henry, Indiana, where he remained several years as pastor. Being a gifted musician, he organized during his pastorate there a fine choir and an excellent band. A more lasting monument to his zeal was a substantial stone church in which the congregation of that parish still worships. Returning to the Abbey from St. Henry, Father Pius taught a year at St. Meinrad. He was next missioned to Fort Smith in Arkansas, where he spent two years. Then came the call in 1887 to the Sioux Indians in Dakota Territory. Going at the bidding of his superior, Abbot Fintan of happy memory, for a short time only, as he thought, Father Pius was destined to remain there the rest of

his days laboring for the spiritual welfare of the Indians.

January 21, 1887, was the date on which Father Pius arrived at his new mission field on the unbroken prairies twenty-three miles from the nearest railway station. It was midwinter and bitter cold. Deep snow drifts lay over the land and covered the trail over the prairie to the mission. Bishop Marty, who as Prior had clothed Father Pius with the garb of religion and had received him into the Benedictine Order, admitting him to the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, now also received him into a poverty-stricken hut and among God's poor whose spiritual uplift should consume all his energy. Corn bread, frozen potatoes, and black coffee were the only refreshments the good Bishop had to offer the traveler on that memorable night after the long, weary, cold drive. Observing that the newcomer did not appear to relish the meager fare, the Bishop smilingly urged him to season his food with plenty of salt. Father Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., who went to the self-

same mission a year and a half later, and who was a companion of Father Pius for thirty years, says that in subsequent privations Father Pius frequently recalled the Bishop's advice and that he seasoned his troubles with the salt of content. The hardships that Father Pius endured, especially in the beginning and for many years thereafter, are recorded only in the book of life.

Sometime previous to the advent of Father Pius in the mission field of the Northwest Chief Bull Ghost with two hundred Indians of the Sioux tribe begged Bishop Marty for a Catholic school on the Crow Creek reservation. But the Bishop, who was as poor in this world's goods as his petitioners, betook himself in turn to those who were better circumstanced. Among others who came to his aid was the Drexel

family\* at Philadelphia. Some help came also from the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions at Washington. The secretary of that Bureau, the Rev. George Willard, selected the location for the mission and built thereon a small rectory. Then came Father Pius who was in time to build up the mission. After much begging among the well-disposed he was able to erect a boys' school. In the summer of 1887 the personnel of the mission was increased by the coming of Father Vincent Wehrle, O. S. B., the present Bishop of Bismarck, North Dakota. Another arrival the following summer was Father Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., who went to Stephan as a cleric with simple vows. On June 17, 1889, he was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Marty at the mission.



Father Pius "snapped" at his golden jubilee celebration

The boys' school, which was erected in 1888, did service until 1895, when it burned to the ground. A like disaster befell the girls' school on January 13, 1916. A third misfortune visited the mission compound June 14, 1924, when a cyclone demolished the mission church together with other buildings. In the work of reconstruction after the cyclone Father

Pius had the assistance of Father Justin Snyder, O. S. B., who had been associated with him since the summer of 1921. Ten years later the burden of superior as also that of postmaster of Stephan was shifted to the shoulders of Father Justin. Father Pius had served Uncle Sam in the capacity of postmaster for four and forty years. Thus relieved, Father Pius could look forward to some degree of peace in his advancing years. After more than four decades of mission life with the reins of government in his hands, and broken in health

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\* Note:—A daughter of the Drexel family, known to the American people as Mother M. Katharine, encouraged by Bishop Marty, founded for the Indian and Negro missions the Sisterhood of the Blessed Sacrament.

## While Visiting Yesterday---

Jocelyn Bart

"JUST a second, Allie Bee," said her escort as she was about to step out if his auto to accompany him for Sunday dinner with his family.

"What is the matter, Laurence?" Allie Bee Leehey smiled at her friend, a late convert to Catholicism, whom she had met at the University in her psychology class.

"The family are going to tune in on Dr. X's radio talk. He's a very good friend of ours, you know. Will you mind listening? He's very, very Protestant you know—"

"Can't be helped, Laurence. I'll listen very attentively."

"If he says anything against the Church, I'll—"

"Oh, no, Laurence, don't argue. I don't think it'll do any good, and it might be tactful to say nothing. Faith is a gift. If we can tactfully say something, all right; but—Dr. X won't say anything against the Church."

The two young friends entered the house.

Dr. X announced that he was going to give his listeners a "ROSARY" of seven thoughts, seven words, seven spiritual beads, composed of two "TRINITIES" joined by the word Health.

Allie Bee felt sorry for him, that he had to find a different ROSARY for his listeners to meditate on, when the Rosary of Our Lady gave fifteen beautiful thoughts upon the life of Christ. After all, what seven words or thoughts could be as full of spiritual food as those presenting the life of our Savior?

Dr. X gave the words as: Self; Others; God; Health; Truth; Beauty; and Goodness. He quoted several passages about 'self,' none of which impressed her. In speaking of 'others' he asked his listeners to THINK of the dead. Allie Bee again pitied him, that he could only suggest THINKING of the dead, for thoughts could not help the dead, and she did not see how it could help the living to be better Christians, unless perhaps thinking of the dead would bring to mind heaven and hell. She thanked God for her Faith that gave to her the doctrine of Purgatory and Communion of Saints, that

she might pray for her dead and know that they prayed for her—a bond between her and her loved ones that death could not break.

Nothing he said about God made any imprint upon her memory. She wondered why Dr. X mentioned God as third, instead of first. Did not God create the 'self' in us all?

In speaking of Health, Dr. X stressed its importance, and quoted some psychiatrist. Personally, she liked the saying of the priests, with its not new but fundamental ring "sound body and sound mind."

Truth, Beauty, and Goodness, Dr. X gave as the three divisions of philosophy, and said nothing forceful about either. She preferred Abbe Dimnet's new book "What We Live By" with its three divisions of "Verum" (Truth) "Pulchrum" (Beauty) and "Bonum" (Goodness).

In conclusion he stressed the importance of 'spiritual exercise' and explained the term as if it were a new idea. She wondered if he knew of the famous Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola, which have been used in the Church by thousands each year since the sixteenth century. Dr. X suggested that his listeners secure a note-book and place the names of books, poems, etc. in the seven various sections. Allie Bee thought it a better idea to see at the end of each day just where we stood in regard to self, others, God, and so on, for that examination of our position might lead us nearer to God. Then, there was the usual reading of a letter of praise received by Dr. X about himself; the announcement of the coming sermon on Sunday and Wednesday, the sermon on Wednesday to be followed by slides of Scotland and coffee, absolutely FREE. Allie Bee remembered the Catholic Churches on Wednesdays packed to the doors, where there were no slides of Scotland and no coffee, but where there was Benediction, given by the Master Who said, "without Me, you can do nothing." Did He mean His Presence?

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## St. Gall, Switzerland,

### *Wears the Crown of Ancient Culture*

Marie Widmer

All over the world the name of St. Gall has become a synonym for laces and embroideries, but relatively few are aware of the fact that historically and for location this city in Eastern Switzerland occupies a most exalted rank.

St. Gall's history dates back to 614 A. D. when Gallus, an Irish apostle, founded a monastic community near the river Steinach. From a humble beginning this foundation developed rapidly into a powerful Benedictine Abbey whose golden age was from the eighth to the tenth centuries. Since ecclesiastical matters by no means absorbed all the energies of the monks, letters, arts and sciences were cultivated with utmost enthusiasm. Thus it came about that sons of emperors and kings were sent to St. Gall for their education.

Among these learned monks was Notker, the author of so-called "Sequences", or hymns in rhythmical prose. As a result of a tragic accident which happened in his days in the nearby Martinstobel gorge he composed the original Latin version of "In the midst of life we are surrounded by death." Another monk of the same name was one of the pioneers of modern medicine, and a third Notker, surnamed the thick-lipped, made some of the earliest attempts to put in writing the common German speech of the people. There was Tuotilo, who excelled as painter, carver and musician; Ratpert, the scholar and schoolmaster; and then the four great Ekkeharts. Ekkehart I and II were combined into one person by Scheffel, to form the hero of his celebrated romance. Astronomy even was studied at St. Gall, for a manuscript of the ninth century depicts a monk looking at the heavens through a primitive telescope.

The Abbey Library, which is located in the inner courtyard of the handsome Abbey Church, is a chief attraction for visitors. It contains among other valuable things a great number of ancient manuscripts and illuminated books of priceless value, dating from the time when the monastery flourished. In the darkness of medieval years St. Gall was one of the three great lights of learning and Christian influence in Europe, the other two being the monastery of Fulda in the North, and Monte Casino in the South.

Workers at various trades soon began to settle near the abbey, and thus it came about that linen-weaving was introduced into St. Gall as early as the 11th century. This art has since been cultivated and developed to a rare degree of perfection. In more recent times embroideries and laces became another vital source of livelihood for the inhabitants, but since these industrial activities are either carried on in the outskirts of St.

Gaul, or in the homes of the peasantry, the beauty and proverbial cleanliness of the city are by no means impaired.

Visitors interested in the cultural and industrial history of St. Gall will be fascinated by the splendid collections on view in the New Museum, the Local Museum and the Industrial Museum.

From the mountain ridges on either side of the city the wonderful location of St. Gall is at once apparent. To the east beckons the fair lake of Constance, and only a few miles distant rises the Säntis, which for symmetry and romantic charm has few equals. The Säntis, which now boasts a brand new aerial railway, is on Appenzell territory, for curiously enough the canton of St. Gall entirely surrounds the little canton of Appenzell, which formerly was the country seat of the abbots of St. Gall.

Culture was St. Gall's crowning feature in the Middle Ages and it is also one of its outstanding characteristics today. Excellent public schools afford different stages of instruction, and private educational establishments of highest repute enable young people from foreign lands to acquire further knowledge and a proficiency in languages in a most stimulating environment.

#### *Give Your Best*

There are loyal hearts there are spirits brave,  
There are souls that are pure and true;  
If you give to the world the best you have,  
The best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,  
A strength in your utmost need;  
Have faith and a score of hearts will show  
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,  
And honor will honor meet;  
And a smile that is sweet will surely find  
A smile that is just as sweet.

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn;  
You will gather in flowers again  
The scattered seed from your thought out-borne,  
Though the sowing seemed but in vain.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,  
'Tis just what you are and do.  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you.

—Madeline S. Bridges.

The Editor's Page

# "THERE MUST BE



HIS was the cry I once heard from one in great distress. And I thought what a woeful thing our life would be if there were not a heaven.

The longer we live and the older we get, we come to know life more certainly for what it really is. We see ourselves always filled with consuming desires; our tomorrows are crowded with expectations; our hearts cry out in utter loneliness for the soothing comfort of love. Yet desires, if ever realized, satisfy not; the morrow comes and fulfils its promise, and we wonder that we sought it; love that is given us is indeed the balm most gentle, yet fickle is the heart of man, and who can for always be secure in leaning on it?

There must be a heaven, for there is no contradiction in God. He made us as we are—to His image and likeness—for ineffable happiness, for peace and security that should never end. Yet what are we getting now but fragmentary moments? "For the life of man upon earth is a warfare, and his days are like the days of a hireling. As a servant longeth for the shade, as the hireling looketh for the end of his work; so I also have had empty months, and have numbered to myself wearisome nights."

Not for those do I write these lines, who, choking the voice of conscience, deliberately go forth each day to find their heaven here; who crush the

rights of their fellowmen in their ruthless pursuit of what they alone want; who indeed have empty months and wearisome nights, yet mask their despair in outer magnificence and seek feverishly in mutual dissipation to forget the inexorable march of approaching doom. The sweet thought of heaven is not for these, but rather for the vast generality of mankind who are seeking, each according to his lights and within the limitations of individual weakness, to fill up the measure of allotted duty.

We all have an inborn desire to be rich, to rule, and to have earthly comforts. These desires in themselves are good. In the garden of Eden they were fulfilled. But sin has placed a curse on us all—a curse that we feel all the more cruelly, in that desire is ever with us, while its fulfilment is beyond our reach.

True it is that there are some who, in defiance of that curse, in defiance of every law of God and man, use every means to gain endless wealth and power and pleasure. But we know them for what Scripture calls them—fools who plunge through life miserably and end in hopeless destruction.

See on the other hand those countless men and women who strive to remain within the boundaries of God's laws. Restraint, repression meet them on every side. Sons and daughters of the King of all, princes and princesses in their own right, they languish here in the land of exile, deprived and starved in body and spirit. Made for immortality,

# BE A HEAVEN"

they must face death in a near future. Sorry they if this be the end and all of their existence!

How hard the struggle is at times! How fair and tempting the forbidden fruit appears before our eyes, within our very grasp! Thus we see countless fathers and mothers fighting the good fight to rear a family for God and country. Their existence is but little noted, their life is humdrum and uneventful. Easily they could have shirked their grave responsibilities, gone childless, and lived a life of selfish pleasure. How well they know there must be a heaven.

How many men and women there are today who have left the world and all that it offers. Many of them had beauty, talents, wealth, or high station. All this, with themselves, they consecrated to the sublime calling to God's exclusive service in religion. Meanwhile they cannot but see what others have and what they might have had; it is inevitable that flesh should yearn at times with all its human cravings for that which it must now forsake. There must be a heaven.

To all of us come moments of anguish now that bespeak a heaven of painless joy hereafter. Death and separation rob us of our loved ones; tearful good-byes must be said—how desolate if there were no hope of eternal reunion! The malice and envy of men pierce our inmost hearts, and we yearn for the kingdom of love which faileth not. Labor, solicitude, pain sap our youthful fire and cause our

steps to lag till our soul, in utter weariness, cries out for everlasting rest, for that blessed day to come when "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and death shall be no more, nor mourning nor crying nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things are passed away."

Faithful Christians, true religious, good parents—all know that life is short; it is but a brief time of strife and tears and darkness, made tolerable and even cheerful by the firm and constant thought that God is ever our Father, who awaits us at the end of the journey with arms outstretched to welcome home His weary children, scarred indeed by the battle with the enemy—for who has not sinned and been forgiven?—yet turned now finally to the end of our erratic wanderings, to the heaven that awaits us.

Let us thank God each year for the consolation of All Saints. Today earth and its attractiveness are taken out of our minds, while we are privileged to join our now blessed dear ones in their never-ending joys. But we need this encouragement not only today; every day, amid the struggles and sorrows of life, as we toil on in God's service and give up the sweet things that tempt us from the Way of the Cross, we should think of heaven. Too bad we hear so much of hell and so little of heaven. God wants us in heaven, not in hell. Don't you think He will see to it that we get there?

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

# From a Science Notebook

H. S., O. S. B.

More than 160,000,000,000 cigarettes are smoked annually.



The United States owns more than one-third of the \$21,549,000 of the world's gold.

If you recline while traveling, you will rest better when your feet are pointed in the direction of travel. It is claimed that this will eliminate car-sickness, reduce congestion of blood in the head, and guard against injury to the head in the event of an accident.

In four to six weeks bamboos grow to a height of 50 feet or more.

No known antiseptic will kill all known kinds of germs.

Ice should be at least four inches thick before being used by large groups of skaters.



One-fourth of all the meals eaten in cities are taken in restaurants.

On the average, the American eats less fish than the average inhabitant of any other country.

Gasoline is a cheap source for fine perfumes.

It takes about ten inches of snow to equal one inch of water.

Raking all the leaves out of shrubbery in the fall is responsible for much winter injury to shrubs thus left exposed.

Hardwood is often softer than softwood.

A new safety glass yields under impact. A blow will cause numerous cracks to radiate; but the glass will not break. If a steel ball is dropped on a piece of the glass, the glass will yield like a net.



When small, bananas point outward from the stem; as they develop, they bend upward and close to the stem.

Left to itself, the concrete in Boulder Dam would have taken 200 years to cool.

The average head has about 110,000 hair—about 1,000 to the square inch of scalp. Women average higher than men; red heads average about 90,000.



Nitramon, a new high explosive, is twenty per cent stronger than T. N. T., but is practically fool-proof. It has been thrown into fires, shot at with rifles, exposed to blow torches, and beaten with fifty-pound trip hammers; the only thing that detonates it is a full-sized dynamite cartridge.

Experiments show that tomatoes ripen better if not exposed to the hottest rays of the sun. They get reddest when ripened in a temperature which does not exceed 86 degrees.

Mental diseases are as common as all other diseases combined.

The average speed of autos on open roads is slightly more than 41 miles per hour.

Auto-headlight bulbs can be made to last longer if the lights are not turned on until after the motor has been running for a few moments. When starting, the voltage from the generator is high, but drops shortly after.



Most meteors are smaller than the average-sized pea.

A certain species of caterpillar grows into a real plant.

A blistering sunburn of half of the body may lead to serious illness or death.

About 40 per cent of the milk produced in the United States is made into butter.

The United States produces more than 500,000,000 pounds of cheese annually.

During the past four and a half centuries more than 500,000,000 ounces of gold have been lost—at present prices, about \$15,000,000,000 worth.





## Query Corner

Please explain just what is meant by these two expressions: "pray the Mass" and "live the Mass."

To Pope Pius we owe the forceful expression "pray the Mass." What the Pope meant is briefly this: we should "pray the Mass" instead of merely "praying during Mass," that is, we should follow the priest at the altar and unite ourselves with him by reciting the prayers of the missal or their equivalent. "Living the Mass" sums up our whole attitude during Mass. Mass is the sacrifice of the Church. As members of the Church we should offer up the sacrifice with Christ, the High Priest, through the priest at the altar; again, in union with Christ we should offer up ourselves to the heavenly Father in the spirit of sacrifice. Our attendance at Mass should not be a passive presence, but a living and active participation in the sacrifice.

When a person dies and is judged, is that the Final Judgment and the end of the world for him? Or is there a Last Judgment and end of the world still to come?

The judgment which immediately follows death is called the Particular Judgment. This is final in so far as it decides the fate of the dead person for all eternity. But the events which we ordinarily mean by end of the world and Last Judgment will happen at some future date unknown to any man. The world (the present arrangement of the universe) will come to an end, and then the Last Judgment will be held, in which all men who have ever lived will be judged.

What does the word "ember day" mean? Why is it that we have these ember days four times each year?

The term admits of several explanations. "Ember" may be a corruption of the Latin term "quattuor tempora" which means the four times of the year. Or it may be derived from the Anglo-Saxon word for cycle: "ymbren." Again, it may be an abbreviation of September or December, in which months the ember days seem to have been first observed in the early Church. Whatever the term may mean literally, its spiritual significance is more important. From the earliest days of the Church these special days of prayer and fasting were set apart at the beginning of each season of the year to ask God for the blessings needed during the coming season and to thank Him for those already received. One of the most important purposes of the ember days is to solicit the prayers and good works of the faithful for the priests and other sacred ministers of the Church who are to be ordained at this time.

A Catholic paper recently carried an article which stated that a certain church was raised to the rank of a basilica. What does this mean? Is it a special privilege of some kind conferred upon the church?

It is a very special privilege and mark of honor for any church today to be raised to the rank of a basilica. Originally a basilica was any church erected over the tomb of a martyr; most of these churches were built in the oblong style of the ancient court houses and palaces, hence the name "basilica," which literally means "royal house." At present the name basilica is applied only to certain churches renowned for their antiquity, their dignity, or their grandeur. The four great churches in Rome are major basilicas: St. John Lateran, St. Peter's, St. Paul's, St. Mary Major. All the other basilicas are minor basilicas.

Conducted by Rev. Gerald Benkert, O. S. B.

The catechism says that God gives all men sufficient grace to gain Heaven. How about the millions of people (Africans, Indians, etc.) that were never baptized, and hence cannot go to Heaven? They cannot know of such a thing as Baptism of desire, and without Baptism they cannot enter Heaven.

There is no use of multiplying difficulties about God's management of His creatures. It is true that God grants sufficient grace for all men to be saved. It is also true that baptism is necessary for salvation. But besides baptism of water God has provided other means of salvation: martyrdom, called the baptism of blood, and especially perfect love of God together with the will to receive baptism, which is commonly known as the baptism of desire. For the millions of men who have never heard of the Christian doctrine on baptism, it is sufficient to have the will to do whatever is necessary for salvation coupled with perfect contrition or love of God in order to receive the baptism of desire.

Does the Catholic Church condemn to hell a savage or any man whom the Christian religion has not reached?

No. The Catholic Church does not condemn anyone to hell. If anyone goes to hell it is his own fault. What the Church teaches about salvation is contained in the previous query: God has provided sufficient means for all men to be saved, also for those who through no fault of their own are beyond the pale of the Church.

Kindly explain chapter 2, verse 4 of the Acts of the Apostles. Can devout persons today speak in tongues?

In the Catholic version this verse reads as follows: "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began to speak with divers tongues, according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak." The effects of the coming of the Holy Ghost on the apostles and disciples at Pentecost are here described, namely, the graces which they received. One of these special graces was the ability to speak of spiritual things in a language previously unknown. This grace, commonly called the gift of tongues, seems to have been very common in the early Church; like miracles and prophecy it was a means used by God to establish the genuineness of the Christian religion. Since it is a free gift of God given for a certain purpose, personal sanctity can never merit it; and in itself it is not an aid to personal sanctity. Devout persons today do not possess this gift, unless in some rare instances God should bestow it upon them for a special purpose.

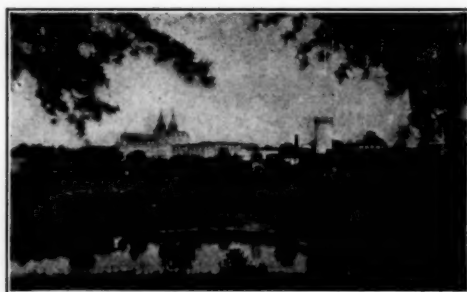
Why is the ceremony of sprinkling with holy water before High Mass on Sunday called the "Asperges"? Why is it done only before the High Mass on Sundays?

"Asperges" is the first word of the chant which accompanies the ceremony of the sprinkling: "Asperges me hyssopo et mundabor"—"Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed." Hence the ceremony takes its name from the opening word. This text explains the meaning of the ceremony: it is symbolic of the purity of soul which we once received at Baptism and which we should renew by contrition. It is in this state of purity of soul that we should attend Mass. The "Asperges" is not a part of the Mass; hence it is not prescribed by the Church except for the principal Mass on Sundays, which in most churches is the High Mass.

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# Echoes

from



# Our Abbey and Seminary

—September 10th marked the return of our students for the fall term. At 8 o'clock on the morning of the 11th Father Anselm Schaaf, Rector of the Major Seminary, was celebrant of the Solemn High Mass in honor of the Holy Spirit to invoke the blessing of heaven upon the new school year. Father Abbot preached an appropriate sermon and administered the Juramentum to the professors of both departments. Added to the faculty are Fathers Theodore Heck, Ph. D., who teaches algebra, education, and homiletics; Bernard Beck, S. T. D., who has sixth year Latin, Hebrew, and religion; Dunstan McAndrews, who is inculcating the principles of Latin, English, and Ancient History; Augustine Edele, who teaches German. In Freshman year Father Gerald Benkert is trying out the new method of Latin that was worked out by Father Clarus Graves, O. S. B., of St. John's University in Minnesota. Thus far both teacher and pupils are satisfied. The progress of the pupil is more rapid and at the same time more thorough.

—The Seminary has an increased enrollment this fall. In the Major Seminary 206 diocesan students are registered. By adding twenty-nine religious to this number, we have 235 attending the classes in philosophy and theology. In the Minor Seminary 150 are enrolled. With thirty-six in the Junior Brothers' school we have a total enrollment of 421 at St. Meinrad. Marmion, our high school at Aurora, Illinois, has an attendance of 315. Thus 736 boys and young men are under the care of the Fathers of the Abbey. At the latter school military discipline was introduced this year. Uncle Sam provides two instructors. All the students at Marmion wear uniforms.

—Immediately after the opening Mass on September 11th Father Abbot left for Kansas City to be present at the golden sacerdotal jubilee of Bishop Lillis, an alumnus of St. Meinrad's Seminary, who finished his course in theology with us in the year '84-'85. The good Bishop had a private celebration on the anniversary itself in mid-August. The diocese put on an elaborate celebration a month later.

—The Very Rev. Albert Hammenstede, O. S. B., Prior of Maria Laach Abbey in Germany, who spent a week with us in the fore part of September, is in this country on business in connection with the Abbey of Maria Laach.

—Brother Anthony Mannhart, O. S. B., for a number of years sacristan of the abbey church, passed to eternity in the early morning of September 9th. While

the call came suddenly and without warning, it did not find him unprepared. For several years past the good brother had been in feeble health, yet the evening previous to his death he was at supper with the community. Bro. Anthony, who was born October 27, 1860, at Flums in Switzerland, was at the time of his death rounding out the seventy-fifth year of his age. Coming to the United States as a young man with the intention of devoting his life to the service of God as a lay brother in the Benedictine Order, he entered the novitiate at St. Meinrad. Having completed his year's probation, the novice made his religious profession on September 9, 1883, as Brother Anthony of Padua. In September, 1933, surrounded by his brethren in religion, Bro. Anthony celebrated the golden jubilee of his religious profession. The humble life of the lay brother, hidden from the world, spent in prayer and work in the service of God, is meritorious for eternal life, even though it is beyond the grasp of our busy, workaday world.

—Abbot Philip Ruggle, of Conception, Missouri, President of the Helveto-American Benedictine Congregation, came to St. Meinrad on September 16th for the canonical visitation of our abbey.

—Several Holstein cattle of the Abbey Dell Holstein herd captured prizes both in the state fair at Indianapolis and at Louisville, Kentucky. Competition was quite keen this year. Cattle from neighboring states were likewise entered.

—Fathers Vincent Wagner, Francis Schoeppner, and Albert Kleber accompanied Father Abbot to the Seventh National Eucharistic Congress at Cleveland. Father Andrew Bauer went with the Indianapolis pilgrimage. The "pilgrim Fathers" spoke in glowing terms of the grand demonstration of faith that they saw manifested by the many thousands who attended. The Congress was a well-organized affair and the details thereof were carried out in perfect order.

—On October 1st Father Abbot left us for Aurora, Illinois, to spend several days with our Fathers who teach at Marmion. His next objective was New Subiaco Abbey in Arkansas, where a general chapter of the Abbots of the Helveto-American Benedictine Congregation was held October 8, 9, 10. Passing thence to Kansas, he paid a brief visit to his sister who lives not far from Wichita. Then turning northward he drove to the Dakotas to visit our Indian missions. On October 20th he was scheduled to lay the cornerstone of the new Indian school that is being erected at St.

Ann's Mission, Belcourt, on the Turtle Mountain reservation in North Dakota.

—October was ushered in with killing frosts. The temperature at the beginning of the month was the lowest recorded in many years. The October pilgrimages to Our Lady of Monte Cassino began on the first Sunday of the month.

—Peaches, pears, and apples were plentiful this year. While there wasn't so great a yield of small grain as in other years, and some corn had to be replanted quite late in the season, the garden was good. We have much to be thankful for.

—The St. Meinrad Alumni Association will have its annual meeting at St. Meinrad's Seminary on November 6 and 7. His Excellency, Bishop Lillis, class of '85, has been invited to celebrate Pontifical High Mass on the occasion.

### *Hobbies at forty-five*

Women whose last baby is fast approaching the ten or twelve year mark, sometimes find time on their hands, or, at least, they begin to grow a little weary of the constant routine of work, which no longer demands such close attention as formerly when the children were small. That is the age when a woman may "find herself" all over again, resurrect all the secret aspirations and hobbies she so reluctantly laid away when the babies were small, and bring them out into the open, to sprout and bloom and bear fruit.

Every woman is able to do something, be it embroidering or crocheting, or quilt-making, flower-growing, painting, designing, music or upholstering and painting the furniture. Lives there a woman who has not some secret thing she would "just love to do," if she only had the time? Now is the time to trot it out and do it; forty-five is the prime of life for any woman. Her judgments are mature, and her viewpoint and sense of beauty are developed at their fullest. No woman should permit herself to be so buried in household duties that she has become like a machine, not able to see above the pile of mops and brooms and dishes and clothes to be washed and ironed.

Having disposed of her work for the day, the housewife should plan a little time for herself every afternoon, in which she may develop her hobbies and broaden her life. The church offers to every Catholic woman an outlet for her surplus energies; in its charitable enterprises, she will find much satisfaction and pleasant associations with other women who are of the same mind. If she is artistically minded, she may design quilts for the Sewing Circle, or crochet baskets or make pillow slips or scarfs for its benefit functions. If she had always secretly wanted to be a writer, now is her chance to try; study writers' magazines, get the swing, study the markets, and begin to write! For it is now or never! Life is short.

### *Working in Stone*

From the very earliest times, termed by some the "Stone Age," men sought out hard stones and from them fashioned their rough domestic tools and household utensils, their weapons of war and of the chase.

The earliest examples of stone work were rude and unfinished, but as man advanced in wisdom, he began to exhibit extraordinary dexterity in making vessels with rude tools of the same material. Somewhere about 10,000 years ago, inhabitants of Egypt were making implements of flint, and with simple tools of stone, shaping vases which possessed great beauty of form. Later we find them importing "lapis lazuli" and serpentine rock for ornamentation of the plain stone vases.

More than 7000 years ago, emery was used for grinding and polishing vases, a slow and laborious work, the finest work being put into the hardest stone. Vases were shaped by chipping and polished by rubbing. They were hollowed out by grinding with a stone, with water and sand or emery, and this doubtless consumed many days before the work on one vase was finished. Flint implements were given a cutting edge by flaking or grinding; some of the flaking was so fine and regular that as many as forty serrations to the inch have been counted. Delicate personal ornaments, such as armlets, were also fashioned out of flint.

About 4000 B. C., came the carving of colossal figures in stone, and the finest masonry was achieved in 3800 B. C., when massive stone work was undertaken in the most lavish manner, and executed with astonishing accuracy. It is said that in the pyramid Cheops only one stone out of every 15,000 differs slightly in length and angle. With the crude tools of that day, it is indeed remarkable how such immense blocks of stone could have been quarried, transported to the desert, and successfully swung into place. The technical skill and the will to execute stone work passed away from Egypt, but other peoples took it up, and we find wonderful ancient masonry in Crete, fine carvings in Asia Minor and Persia, and remarkable developments of refinement and style in Greece.

### *Query Corner*

(Continued from page 211)

*Is there any difference between the two terms "non-Catholic" and "Protestant"? Although both are often used alike there seems to be a difference between them.*

Yes, there is a difference. "Non-Catholic" is a very broad term which includes all persons who do not belong to the Catholic Church, whether Jew, Mohammedan, pagan, heretic, or schismatic. "Protestant" designates a particular kind of non-Catholic: a member of any one of those heretical religious sects which have sprung up since the Reformation. Despite this clear distinction, the two terms are often used synonymously, especially since many persons who still call themselves Protestants are more pagan than Christian.

*In the Gospel Christ makes the statement: "The Father is greater than I." Since the three persons of the Blessed Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, are equal how should these words be understood?*

In answering this question it is important to keep in mind that Christ, although one person, is both God and man. As God, Christ is equal to the Father, since His divine nature is the same as that of the Father and the Holy Ghost. As man, Christ speaks of Himself as being lower than the Father in so far as His human nature is inferior to the divine nature of the Father. It is in this latter sense that the text quoted above should be understood.



# The Home Circle

Conducted by Clare Hampton

## Eucharistica

A number of years ago, a group called the "Jansenists" got the idea of being so very, very humble that they hardly dared go to Holy Communion at all; at least, they went only at long intervals. As a rule, the devil tempts people to pride, but this time, finding that he could do nothing in that line, he thought up a sly, new way of keeping people from eating the Bread of Life. He would tempt them to be so humble that they would not dare eat it very often, well knowing that thus they would be deprived of innumerable precious graces which would earn them a high place in Heaven. After Jansenism was declared a schism, there was an order of nuns, "pure as angels, stubborn as devils", (the saying goes) who refused to submit to the Holy See and give up their erroneous practices. In the tabernacle of their chapel they preserved the Sacred Species and adored it most profoundly, even though no priest was allowed to minister to them.

However, one day a priest was sent there to take away the Sacred Host which they had preserved so jealously and so long; after he had gone, they took the purificator where the Host had lain, and placed that in the tabernacle, feeling sure that some infinitesimal particles still lay on the cloth which they could still adore.

Thus we see that their so-called humility was really pride in disguise, since they were too proud to obey the Pope, and give up their erroneous ideas. A great many immigrants carried these ideas with them to America, and even today we will come across some old person who still thinks we are too unworthy to receive Holy Communion often.

There are others, too, who think it is overdoing the religious idea, to receive frequently, or daily. Our Lord gave us Himself unreservedly; if we waited and prepared ourselves ten thousand years, we still would not be really "worthy" to receive Him. He gave us Himself because He loved us so dearly; if we receive Him often, lovingly and humbly, He will make us worthy.

## How All Souls' Day was Instituted

A devout religious returning from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, was caught in a storm at sea, which drove the boat to a strange shore. Here the religious met a hermit, and together they discoursed about holy things. In the course of the conversation, the hermit mentioned the fact that not far from his cell, he heard frightful howls and shrieks at night, together with angry voices, which reproached the faithful who prayed for the dead. He recognized these as the voices of evil spirits, who bemoaned the fact that by the prayers and good works of devoted Christians, souls who were given up to them for torture, were relieved of their sufferings. Above all, they hated St. Odilo, Abbot of Cluny, and his monks, because of their unremitting

prayer and good works, offered for the Poor Souls in purgatory.

When the religious returned to his home, he went to see the Abbot, and related to him the words of the hermit. So impressed was the saint, that he immediately instituted in the houses of his order, a special day of commemoration for the Poor Souls. Then, in his fervor, he went and spoke to Pope John XIX. about the matter, with the result that the latter thought so well of it, he instituted a yearly memorial day for the Poor Souls in the whole world.

Those who constantly help the Poor Souls, are singularly blessed and watched over by the Almighty, for Christians who aid His suffering children in purgatory are especially dear to Him. He treats them with great tenderness, and protects them from disasters and mishaps. The dear souls in purgatory, not being able to help themselves, are so grateful for any help we on earth may give them, that they show their gratitude visibly. Many a person in dire trouble has found in them a consolation and never-failing help, especially if certain prayers and good works are promised them over a specified length of time.

## Reducing and Gaining

Reducing has, for a long time, been more popular than gaining, in the matter of human poundage. However, the great trouble with the reducing game in many cases is, that the change comes about too suddenly. The skin, while expanding with increased poundage in a most accommodating manner, does not always respond gracefully if the underlying cushion is suddenly taken away; if the change is too sudden, the skin, instead of gradually adjusting itself to the shrinkage, will fall into folds and wrinkles, thus making the person look older than he really is. Over-dieting or foolish use of commercial reducers will cause firm contours to suddenly disintegrate before the skin has a chance to keep pace with the shrinkage so as to contract and prevent that baggy appearance.

The length of time the excess weight has been carried, is an important factor. If skin has been unduly stretched over a long period of time, it loses some of its elasticity, so, if reducing is attempted around middle age or after, great caution must be exercised in this matter. The older one gets, the less elastic the skin becomes, so reducing must be correspondingly slow.

Sometimes, too, a person dieting too zealously finds that the poundage keeps on falling off, and she cannot seem to stop losing weight, even after the golden medium has been reached. Instead, a nervous condition sets in, causing provocation over trifles, weeping, melancholy and self-pity; the stomach, having been shrunk to small size, cannot retain much food.

In such a case, rest and very little exercise, together with three good, square meals a day will bring about a normal condition, and if the stomach cannot retain a



full meal at one time, they should be divided into five meals. Milk, butter, cream and other nourishing foods and desserts should be utilized, and the weight carefully watched.

### *The Pet Dog*

Gone are the days when we gave Rover the left-overs, or had the butcher give us some old stale bones or half-spoiled raw meat or liver for him, and then wondered why he had the fits so often. We are learning that animals, just like humans, must have the proper food in order to grow up strong and healthy and remain so. The dieting of dogs, particularly puppies, is very important. Just like human babies, if pups are given a bad start, their bones will not become strong or their flesh firm, and worms will handicap their stomachs, so that they will be ill half of the time. Any person owning a dog, should obtain books on the subject, and learn just how to treat the animal, so that he will not either be smothered by foolish kindness, or "treated like a dog."

There is the other extreme, too, however, when darling little Fido gets nothing but chicken and raw hamburger, supplemented by chocolate candy and cookies, because his doting mistress feels that nothing is too good for him. In that case, the stray dog is better off than the pampered pet, since overfeeding is worse than underfeeding.

It is rather difficult, of course, to train an old dog who has been used to hit-and-miss methods of feeding, to eat the proper foods; but persistently placing the right food before him, whether he eats it or not, will result in his capitulation when he finally gets hungry enough. Some dogs fight shy of dog-biscuit or chow; the moist canned foods, however should prove very appetizing to him, and if used in the order directed, should result in greatly improved health.

However, if starting with a pup, be sure to give him the correct food from the very beginning. There are a number of good books on the subject, and the makers of the canned dog food are glad to answer any questions on the subject of dog-raising if owners write for information. There is an excellent book on corrective medicines for dogs too, which should be studied by dog-owners.

### *The Origin of Ink*

This fluid, so common with us, seems to have been in use for more than thirty-five centuries. There is evidence that ink was used by the ancient Egyptians as far back as 2500 B. C., but the Chinese claim the invention of ink, having used it since 2698 B. C. It was first made from powdered charcoal and soot, mixed with gum or glue and pressed into small dried bricks or sticks, used for writing by applying a small brush dipped in water. This method is still in use in China. About 1200 years B. C., the Chinese invented "India ink" which was made from the soot produced by the smoke of pines and the oil of lamps mixed with gelatin.

The Romans made a writing fluid from carbonaceous pigments found in the "ink bag" of the cuttlefish, and at the present time, sepia and India ink are prepared

from it. During the Middle Ages, ink was made from barks, galls, green vitrol, etc., and up to the 16th century, these were the inks in common use. Around 1876, colored inks were much in demand—red, green, purple and black. Ladies, especially, favored the colored inks for their private correspondence, and in the late seventy's a perfumed violet ink was put out for their especial use. It was called "boudoir ink", and could also be had in green and black if desired. It was put up in elegant flint glass bottles, made to please the feminine eye.

There are no available records of the definite origin of ink; it was not the invention of one individual. Rather it covers a long stretch of time, in which various peoples used it and improved upon it as they went along. The improved inks of today require complicated processes and many formulas for the manufacture of the various grades. The principal ingredients are, iron-gall, logwood and aniline colors.

### *Household Hints*

Don't permit things to get shabby; if picture frames become dull-looking, gild or silver or bronze them, paint with flat black paint, or varnish them with plain or stain varnish. If chair seats are dirty, clean them with a commercial cleanser; if the cloth is worn and torn, it is an easy matter to purchase some brocade, cut it the size of the seats, stretch on tightly and tack with tiny upholstering tacks, concealing the edge with upholstering braid to match. Sew up rips in carpets at once, and whip edges so they will not ravel. Take out stains immediately, and touch up scratched furniture and woodwork with varnish. If all these things are looked after at once, the house will never get that shabby look. Do not permit the children to mar up woodwork with sharp instruments; a child should not have a sharp instrument for a toy anyway. Neither should they be permitted to put their feet on upholstered furniture, or stand up on varnished or enameled chairs, or put their feet on the rungs.

Every morning before putting the baby on the floor to walk or crawl, carefully inspect every inch of the place, lest any pins or other small articles lie about for baby to swallow.

### *Recipes*

**HAMBURGER LOAF WITH MEXICAN SAUCE:** Take 2 pounds hamburger and mix with 2 slices white bread, soaked in water and well squeezed, half a minced onion, 1 chopped green pepper, two or three sprigs chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon ground nutmeg, salt and pepper. Bake ½ hour in moderate oven, and when done, pour over it sauce made as follows: 1 can tomato pulp, 1 finely chopped green pepper, 1 chopped onion, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon butter, and a dash of salt and pepper. Heat and simmer for five minutes, then pour over meat and serve.

**SHRIMP AND PEA SALAD:** Mix 1 jar shrimps, 1 cup cooked peas, ½ cup chopped celery, 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, salt, cayenne and mayonnaise to bind together. Serve on lettuce leaves, garnished with strips of pimento.

## Children's Corner

### Saint Cecilia

The feast of St. Cecilia occurs on November 22. She is the patroness of music and of musicians. She was fond of singing pious hymns and psalms to the glory of God, a practice that might well be followed now by those to whom a beautiful voice has been given. She was born in Rome of a good family and was educated in all the doctrines and practices of the Christian religion.

Cecilia loved music and it was her greatest pleasure to sing the praises of God. Filled with love for God, she wished to give her whole life to Him, but her parents desired her to marry a noble pagan named Valerian. She was obedient to the will of her parents, but, when the wedding guests had departed, Cecilia told Valerian of the vow she had already made to consecrate her whole life to God as a virgin. Valerian examined the teachings of the Church. Being moved by the grace of God, he asked for baptism. This first and most necessary sacrament was given him by Pope Urban who was then hiding in the catacombs to escape the persecution that was then going on against the Christians. Valerian now wished to win his brother Tiburtius to Christianity too. After he had been instructed, Tiburtius believed and desired to be baptized also. He was likewise taken to Pope Urban for baptism. Cecilia, Valerian, and Tiburtius now began to devote themselves to works of charity. This they continued to do until the pagan Almachius, who was at the time prefect of Rome and an enemy of the Christians, ordered them to be brought before him.

This cruel and bloodthirsty pagan commanded the two men to give up the Christian religion. When they would not obey, because they could not deny Christ, the tyrant ordered them to be put to death by Maximin. Full of zeal for the faith, Tiburtius explained the Christian Religion to Maximin, who had orders to behead him. The instruction given was not in vain, for, the next day, when Valerian and Tiburtius were put to death, Maximin, who was standing by, exclaimed: "Oh, fortunate martyrs! what would I not give to share your happiness." This enraged Almachius, who gave orders that Maximin should also suffer the same kind of death.

Cecilia, now alone, sold all her worldly possession in order to give the proceeds to the poor, for she knew that it could not be long till she should have the privilege too of dying a martyr's death as Valerian and Tiburtius had done. Not long after this she was arrested.

But because he saw how beautiful she was, Almachius sought to spare her. She answered him, "Death is what I crave. I wish to enter upon the joys of heaven."

The emperor ordered her put into a furnace, but she endured this torture with great courage. He then ordered her beheaded, but the man, who had beheaded thousands, lost his courage and only cut her neck through a part of the way. She prayed to live three days longer that she might shed her blood for Christ, and her wish was granted. She was removed to the home of some Christians and there died three days later.

There are now three churches in Rome dedicated to St. Cecilia. In every home the world over, where music is loved, the picture of St. Cecilia is displayed, as the patron of music.

"Come, Tommy, even if you have hurt yourself a bit, you shouldn't cry."

"What's—crying—for—then?" asked Tommy.

### For the Dead

Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made;  
The souls to Thee so dear,  
In prison for the debt unpaid  
Of sins committed here.

Those holy souls, they suffer on,  
Resign'd in heart and will,  
Until Thy high behest is done,  
And justice has its fill.  
For daily falls, for pardon'd crime,  
They joy to undergo  
The shadow of Thy cross sublime,  
The remnant of Thy woe.

Oh, by their patience of delay,  
Their hope amid their pain,  
Their sacred zeal to burn away  
Disfigurement and stain;  
Oh, by their fire of love, not less  
In keenness than the flame,  
Oh, by their very helplessness,  
Oh, by Thy own great Name.

Good Jesus, help! Sweet Jesus, aid  
The souls to Thee most dear,  
In prison for the debt unpaid  
Of sins committed here.

—Selected.

"What liquid won't freeze, Tommy?"

"Hot water," responded the bright boy.

Bobby—"Daddy! A boy at school told me that I looked just like you!"

The Dad—"That so?—and what did you say?"

Bobby—"Nothin'. He was bigger'n me."

### Reaching the Top

As you pass through this world mid the crowd, boys  
and girls,  
Don't fancy your life won't tell,  
There is work to be done, and the guerdon won,  
By the one who doeth it well

You may think of the world as a hill, boys and girls,  
And climbing are thousands who stop,  
And you'll always find at the base the crowd  
Who care not to reach the top.

If with courage and patience and faith, boys and girls,  
The hill you set out to climb,  
You keep to the right, be cheerful and bright,  
And take but a step at a time

And keep your eye on the goal, boys and girls,  
Never despair nor drop,  
Be sure that the path leads upward,  
Some day you'll reach the top.

*Under the Cottonwoods*

THOMAS RYAN

Under the cottonwoods we played,  
Sister, little buddy, and I.  
Above our heads the sultry sun  
Moved slowly across the sky.

While checkered shadows danced upon  
Our town and farm and glen  
We moved our puppets made of twigs  
To do the toil of men.

Our clothespin horses pulled their loads  
Along the highways through the leaves.  
And radish-seed bees worked all day  
A gatherin' honey for their hives.

A robin from a bushy bough  
Lit on our bread-crumbs sheep.  
I frightened her away in time,  
But that made sister weep.

The cows grazed in their fence of twine.  
For the clover they were fond.  
And watermelon-seed pigs squealed  
In their pasture near the pond.

The pebble chickens laid no eggs.  
Only roamed around with their chicks.  
If dad knew we had planted wheat  
We would be in an awful fix.

The call to dinner we delayed  
Till mother's voice grew hoarse.  
We left our play reluctantly  
And got bawled out, of course.

Under the cottonwoods again,  
Shucks! we all began to sigh.  
We looked upon our toil dispersed  
Sister, little buddy, and I.

The wheat we'd sowed, dad's chicks had found,  
And scratched our toys, oh my!  
A hurricane had struck our land  
And left it high and dry.

Nearly all the children in the neighborhood had been ill with chicken pox. One morning when they were able to play about again, Julia, aged 4, came running in to her mother and burst out excitedly: "Oh, mother, the Smith children have got something else, but brother says we can't catch it."

"Well what is it they have?" the mother asked.  
"It's pigeon toes," she replied.

"Do only women go to heaven, mummy?"

"No, dear! Men, too."

"But I've never seen pictures of angels with whiskers."

"Ah, but you see, a man only gets to heaven by a close shave."

*Do Your Christmas Potting Early*

Margaret C. Moloney

REMEMBER how those cunning little pots of posies went over big last Christmas? Well, why not have more this year—many more. The small earthen pots are cheap. A can of black paint is cheap. I used my stove-pipe enamel, and a tube of orange color costs very little. With that outlay you can paint a lot of pots, and the orange color daubed on in shapes to resemble butterflies is intriguing. I know because I had a few last year. It won't be long now before Jack Frost will come in some bright moonlight when we're not expecting him and put the posies to bed for their long sleep. So, better do your Christmas potting early.

After your pots are painted and dry, fill them with good soil, not too rich, select small dwarfed asters with their colorful wee blossoms, plant and water well, and set some place where they will be discouraged from putting forth lanky growth—they must be saved for Christmas, you know.

Vines are glorious—scampering beauty we call them at our house. A low vase on the mantel filled with water will make a good starting place for a vine. If you've never tried working gay patterns with a Balloon Vine, you have a great treat in store. You'll probably become so enamored of this jolly little trailer that you'll experience a pang when the time comes to pass it on with its Christmas greeting.

But, Marygolds! I know the catalogs spell it with an *i* instead of the *y*—but we never do at our house. Mary's Gold shall always be Mary's Gold with us. And, wait till you see those artistic black pots with their golden blooms sitting in the candle light some nice quiet evening! No pot of gold could compare with them. We had one in the niche on the stairway last year. We kept it blooming nearly all the winter. Others were spaced about the basement windows on the "occasional" tables 'neath mirrors—just anywhere. When taking them up and potting, pinch them back if you want them to bloom about Christmas, and some

weeks before the Great Day bring them out and let them have a chance. They'll "Do Their Part" without any government act prodding them.

We brought a sprig of Wandering Jew in and gave it a bowl of water to encourage its not-too-straggly growth. Our bowl was a shallow-dark green one. It made a lovely center piece for the dining table. When we wanted to impress a guest we dropped pink geranium blossoms in among the green sprigs—pretended they were lotus; and never did they fail to get an exclamation of surprise—delight—complimentary to the hostess.

Have you by any chance somewhere about the home an old brass lamp bracket that some ancestor used in the day when electricity was unknown? Then do bring it in and fasten it to the dining room window—the south window, of course, on the side frame even with the top of the lower sash. It swings out of the way for cleaning, and so will not be a nuisance as so many things are. Filled with Pin Oxalis—it is an inspiration all by itself, but some day when the great snowflakes are coming down in a great silent peaceful "benediction" sort of way, and the savory tantalizing whiffs drift in from the kitchen at every opening of the door—well, that's a moment that should be prolonged, if it can be beyond just the fleeting instant. It's hard to believe but I've seen a man with hunger gnawing at his vitals stand in contemplation of that scene—forgetting for several moments to remind the cook that he was "as hungry as a bear." That's the acid test, as any woman knows.

And don't forget the window boxes. Don't let them sing that doleful refrain—"The melancholy days are here." The woods are full of a number of things—bright and cheery things. Yank out the old flowers and stock the window boxes with wee Christmas trees, sprays of bittersweet—and Oregon Grape. You may not have Oregon Grape for the taking, but if you have, take it—all you want of it, in all its colors, and thank the Giver of Joys that you can have it. But, if you haven't it then scout around till you find somethings just as cheery—and with winter foiled—robbed of its sting—spring will be back again before you have all your reading caught up.

## *The Lovely Enigma*

(Continued from page 200)

His left arm was on the wheel. He was staring straight out at the little path that in a half mile led to the Chicago Avenue road. His face was tense, his eyes hard. He snatched his hand from under hers, put that arm on the wheel and buried his face, enclosed by his arms.

With a woman's intuition Marianne realized the struggle between sacrifice and selfishness. She knew the life of unreturned love would be a terrible thing to accept. She knew it was always tragic. All her heart seemed to ache at even thinking for him and she cried.

"What's the matter, Marianne?" he asked, rather roughly.

"I wish I could suffer and fight for you, Charles. Don't mind me. I'll be all right. It looks cruel, but—Charles, we are never asked to bear what we are unable to stand." His eyes were upon her as she wiped the tears that softly kissed her cheeks.

He slid his right arm about her and like a little sister, she trustingly laid her head on his shoulder. Then he spoke tenderly;

"Remember when you cut your toe the first time we went swimming as kids? I told you it would be all better? You stood beside me and I put my arm about you just like this? This'll be all better too."

"I am sure it will; wasn't that what I said?" she asked.

"Yes. Can you say that now?"

"Can I, Charles?" She lifted her face and looked into his eyes.

"Yes. I didn't want to insult you, Marianne, and I might have known I couldn't frighten you. I made myself do it. You can't detest me; I love you so much. Of course I want you to be happy; that's what I have always wanted. I'll take you home right away Marianne and I'll explain to Jim I just had a little talk with you. That is the truth. And I'll do anything to regain your confidence, my dear."

"Charles, I knew it couldn't be you a while ago. You're so fine. I wish I did love you. But I'm so glad you're my playmate again. I'll always be your little Marianne, and I'll always admire you—for—for some of the things you did and said tonight. I'll make you the god-



father of all my little ones and I'll name them all what you desire. I'll forget that you insulted me by remembering that you won that battle."

"Thank you. I must have been mad!"

"Will you kiss me, Charles, as a pledge of an eternal friendship?"

As their lips met a tear wrung from a maiden's heart mingled with a tear that signified the triumph of love over self-gratification, and two hearts were happy in the knowledge of their courage and the beauty of goodness.

"I'll never forget you, Marrienne." Then as he started the car, "You're going home immediately."

In silence, a blessed silence, they rode east and north. As the auto neared the Renneau and Mason homes on north Sheridan Road, Marianne leaned towards Charles and kissed the firm hand that held the wheel.

"God bless you, Charles!" she whispered to him.

As they drove up Jim came out to meet them.

"We had a kind of goodbye together talk, Jim; so we're rather late. Goodnight, Marianne. Jim will see you to your door. I'll drive the car in the garage. Thank you for your company!" Before either could speak, he had closed the car door and was gone around the block.

"He's angry at me I think," Jim said. "I wasn't exactly kind today and I'm mighty sorry."

(To be continued)

No tongue can express the greatness of the love which Jesus bears to our souls.

—St. Peter of Alcantara.

### Father Abbot's Page

(Continued from page 195)

ful Catholic Action by imbuing your mind with becoming Catholic literature. Also help the good work along by spreading Catholic literature. Induce your friends to subscribe and to read things Catholic—yes, the Grail, if you please.

Yours most cordially

*Ignatius Esser, O.S.B.*

Abbot.

### Indian Missionary Laid to Rest

(Continued from page 205)

by the hardships of pioneer days and the worries that accompany the sustaining of a mission school on an empty pocket book, Father Pius could retire from active life and spend the remainder of his days in preparation for the final summons.

Having lived forty-eight years among the Indians, fifty-eight years in the priesthood, and sixty-four years as a professed religious, Father Pius died at the ripe old age of four score and three, that is, in his eighty-fourth year. Only the Divine Master, who called the Indiana youth of long ago to His service and prepared him for the Indian missions in the Dakotas, can know the toils, the fatigues, and the labors that His faithful missionary endured for the salvation of that portion of the vineyard which had been committed to his charge. While his mortal remains shall lie among those of his neophytes whom he had buried in the mission cemetery until all who have died in the Lord shall rise at the trumpet call of the angel, we trust that his soul is even now enjoying the beatific vision. God grant that it may be so! Yet, as Bishop Mahoney said in the funeral sermon, ordinarily we do not see the dust that is in a room, but when it is lighted by a ray of sunshine from without, the dust that taints the air is revealed. It is well, therefore, to be mindful in prayer of those who have passed from this vale of tears.

### While Visiting Yesterday—

(Continued from page 206)

Laurence's people liked Dr. X's suggestion, and Allie Bee loved them, and wished she could give them the wealth of suggestions given through the ages by Francis de Sales, St. Francis of Assisi, and other spiritual directors of the ages.

"I wonder why it took me so long to see the truth of the Catholic Church," Laurence had said to her alone, after dinner.

"Protestants would so love the Church and so appreciate it," Allie Bee replied dreamily.

### *Philosophy: Positivism*

*(Continued from page 203)*

Why is Positivism a false system? In the first place Positivism does not practice what it preaches. Its fundamental principle is that only sense knowledge is valid knowledge. But this is a principle that cannot be seen nor heard, nor tasted, nor smelled, etc. Hence they wish to show the validity of their doctrine by making use of an abstract principle which they rejected. Their principle is merely an arbitrary assertion.

Then, too, it is absurd to say that the intellect cannot abstract general principles from sense knowledge. It is true that all knowledge begins with the senses, but it does not rest there. We say sometimes that we can read between the lines. That is what the intellect can do. It can read between the facts and see what is behind them. The Positivist denies the prerogative of the intellect. Abstract knowledge is intellectual knowledge. As soon as abstract knowledge is repudiated, the intellect becomes useless.

A Positivist cannot be a Christian, for he could not agree with the Christian doctrine proclaimed by St. Paul when he says in his Epistle to the Romans, Ch. I, v. 20: "For the invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made; his eternal power also, and divinity: so that they are inexcusable."

### *Like a Sheep in the Rain*

*(Continued from page 197)*

breast evidently is designed to manifest a spirit of repentance and contrition. It is an acknowledgment of personal guilt and an expression of sorrow for that guilt. It shows that the priest is not merely aware of his condition, but that he is firmly resolved to do something to correct his faults and to satisfy Divine Justice. Three times the priest strikes his breast to show the intensity of his sorrow and contrition, or, as some say, to counterbalance the trinity of evil, viz., sins of thought, word, and deed.

Finally, in the consideration of the externals of the Confiteor, we must touch briefly on the words themselves. To understand them, we must realize that the Confiteor is a public con-

fession, a public act of contrition. As such it is addressed to all heaven and all earth. The priest asks all to pray for him that he may proceed with his divine work in innocence of heart.

We naturally turn first to God in prayer; but He has so often worked through His Saints that we can't help but see that He wants prayer directed to them also. Of course, we pray to God differently than we do to the Saints. We ask the Saints to use their influence with God. It is logical, then, that we call on Mary after God. Mary is always mentioned after Her Son in the Liturgy, for the Church recognizes that her influence is bound to be greater than that of all the other Saints put together. Mary has been as it were put in charge of the distribution of all graces. Her success at the marriage feast of Cana was but a presage of the success she would have in heaven.

After the Queen comes the highest of the heavenly courtiers. Michael the Archangel holds a position of great intimacy in the household of God. He is in fact one of the family. The priest makes no mistake in calling on St. Michael to assist him in the fight against hell, for he knows that God Himself made use of Michael when Satan and his army had to be thrown out of heaven.

Next in order the priest calls on St. John the Baptist, the preacher of penance. If for no other reason, the forerunner of Christ would deserve a place in the confiteor for his greeting of the Messiah with the words, "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."

Finally, the Confiteor calls on the so-called liturgical twins, the Apostles Peter and Paul. Although the liturgy always mentions them side by side, their union in the Confiteor is a most happy one. Peter was the instrument chosen for the conversion of especially the Jews, while Paul is everywhere known as the Apostle of the Gentiles. One had to overcome the errors and prejudices of Judaism, the other the antagonism of paganism. Peter, as Christ's vicar, had the higher power and dignity; but both had the power of binding and loosing on earth and in heaven.

My friend, the Cynic, found his tongue again. "Well," he said defiantly, "you cleared up things about the Confiteor and we'll just let that pass, but . . ."

"But nothing," I cut in; "you will have to wait a while before I get enough breath back to answer more objections or difficulties. Now, get out."

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### Books Received

*The Missal and Holy Mass*, by Rev. Wm. Lallou, D. D., and Sister Josefita Maria, S. S. J., Ph. D. For some time there has been in the Church a movement which is calculated to foster among the faithful a better attendance at Mass and an attendance which consists not in a listless watching of the ceremonies, but in a real participation in the Sacrifice. That this movement may be facilitated, this book undertakes to explain briefly and clearly the various objects used at Mass. Thus there is a consideration of the sacred vessels, the liturgical colors, vestments, altar, etc.

It is, moreover, universally agreed that the best way to attend Mass is by the intelligent use of the Missal. Hence this book clearly explains the use of the Missal, offering suggestions, helps, and hints. Besides these, there are explanations of the Mass and of the Liturgical Year, and, as a final item, a consideration of the outstanding thought of the "Propers" of the Sunday Masses of the year as well as those of some of the principal feasts.

The style of the work is clear and simple. The method of treatment, the divisions and explanations make easy the comprehension and remembering of the matter. The explanations are sufficiently detailed to be of great value to the average layman. Benziger Bros. List Price, \$0.72; 25% less to schools. H. W.

*Murder at Sunset Gables*, by Dean Heffernan. Intriguing, interesting from start to finish. A mystery in every sense of the word without the awful gruesomeness of most of its kind. Old, miserly, cruel Captain

Duane unexpectedly meets his death. He was unloved by his entire household, consisting of his widowed sister-in-law, her two grown-up children, Noel Winslow, the dead man's secretary, and Mr. Whittemore, a friendly neighbor. All are now so many possible perpetrators of the murder and play so cleverly against each other that you will spend many an hour trying to discover the real criminal. Benziger Bros. Net, \$2.00. Postage, 10 cents. S. M. C.

*Life Returns to Die*, by Edward A. Herron, is a highly dramatic work throughout. Everybody loves a lover, and you will love Arnold and quaint little Barbara and loyal, unselfish Anne. Their undying love—for it reaches beyond the grave—will give you a satisfaction and hope quite unknown in these days of free-love and divorce, and make you proud of the religion that inspires such solid fidelity. Benziger Bros. Net, \$2.00. S. M. C.

*The Girl of the Riverland*, by Stephen Morris Johnston, a delightful romance of the South. Elizabeth, whose very charm is her sweet simplicity; bashful, awkward Jim, whom she weds, and who is not accustomed to Southern aristocracy; and the handsome Northern gentleman, who tries to woo her from her rightful love—all form a fascinating setting. Meanwhile Rafferty, the bully, and the imaginative little Susy supply plenty of excitement to hold the interest; but the good old Padre saves the day. Benziger Bros. Net, \$1.50. S. M. C.

*Mary Rose's Sister Bess*, by Mary Mabel Wirries, is another of the author's "Mary Rose" books. The heroine proves to be an altogether delightful person, full of innocent girlish pranks, from attempting poetry to showing her dislike of college boys, excepting one. Benziger Bros. Net, \$1.00. S. M. C.

*That Boy Joe Fox*, by William H. Hendrix, S. J. The boy is a typical modern Catholic boy, full of adventure and boyish deeds. Joe will keep up spellbound and interested from start to finish, especially after he lands in the counterfeiter's cellar. Boys will live this story. Benziger Bros. Net, \$1.25. S. M. C.

*Holy Mass*, by Rev. Winfrid Herbst, S. D. S. To appreciate a thing, one must first know and understand. Mindful of this, the Reverend Winfrid Herbst, S. D. S., in this book gives an explanation of the spiritual and doctrinal meaning of the Mass and its ceremonies. The author shows the sublimity of the character of the Ambassador of Christ, the import of all that is contained in the prayers and ceremonies from the prayers at the foot of the altar to the *Ite Missa est*. To the indifferent he would show the real significance of each part, how the various parts found their way into the Mass, and how fitting it is to have the laity's participation. To him who has made of his participation a routine he presents a source of help for his better appreciation of the liturgical functions and new thoughts to awaken his interest and fervor. Benziger Bros. Net, \$1.00; postage 10 cents.

*To Whom Shall We Go?* by Rev. Frederick Macdonnell, S. J. In this book we have a clear and concise statement of the position of the Catholic Church. The reader is encouraged to use his divinely given intellectual powers. Arguments are proposed in such a simple way that anyone with ordinary mental acumen can understand them. An appeal is made to sincerity by rejecting all unfounded prejudices, which are the greatest enemies of truth. Emphasis is also placed on the importance of prayer, for all true light comes from the Father of lights. The book is to be recommended not only to the sincere non-Catholic, but also

to the Catholic, so that he may be able to give an account of the faith that is in him. Benziger Bros. Net, \$1.25. G. V.

*At the Shrines of God's Friends*, by Frederick M. Lynk, S. V. D. Days of youth are days of dreaming. Often the dream is of the time when we shall be able to visit the famous places of pilgrimage in Europe. Seldom, however, do our dreams materialize as life speeds relentlessly on.

Fr. Lynk's book, "At the Shrines of God's Friends," enables us to fulfil our ambition at least in spirit, if not in reality. It is a simple narrative, plainly and interestingly told, in which the author sets forth the observations he gathered while visiting "At the Shrines of God's Friend." To this he also adds a short sketch of the life of the saint whose shrine he is describing. If the author, however, had given a more fully detailed description of the shrines themselves, the book would be of much greater value and interest. But this latter fact is partially offset by the wealth of pictures (128) which the book contains. It is a volume that is well worth while reading. V. H.

*The Pope and Christian Education*. This book is a most readable treatment of one of the most intricate problems of our present life and it is really indispensable to those who would understand in what manner the Pope proposes to deal with the subject of education. It has been translated from the German of the Rev. Otto Cohausz, S. J., by the Rev. George D. Smith, Ph. D., D. D.

The Holy Father explains the plan of his encyclical 'Divini illius Magistri' of December 31, 1929, in which he raises his voice on behalf of the Christian education of the young. The book adequately answers such questions as: Whose office is it to educate? Who need to be educated? What environments are necessary for education? In what does the object and precise nature of Christian education consist according to the present order of Divine Providence? These and many other doubts concerning the Pope's attitude toward sex education, co-education, and the like are treated very clearly.

This translation is a book that should be read by all interested in education, because it is valuable and enlightening. Benziger Bros., \$2.25. J. V. B.

All of the following plays are produced by The Catholic Dramatic Movement, 1511 W. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. (1934)

*Seeing Is Believing*, a farce in one act by Wilbur Braun, depends on an incredible situation for its plot. The characters are six, two of whom are positively looney and two others are suffering from love-sickness. When a man is so absent-minded as to forget that he refused the hand of his step-daughter, and when a woman of the twentieth century without the intervention of a Merlin mistakes another's husband for her own in broad daylight, the situations are a little more or a little less than "chuckle-inspiring." The play would seem to be an attempted satire on psychologists, with a sudden right-about-face which brings the solution to a chaotic nightmare.

*The 'Fraidy Cat, The Elves and the Shoemaker, The Hammock in The Sky* are three fantasies, each in one act, written by Kathryn Heisenfelt. They are suitable for children up to the age of ten and call for children actors only. Each play has a mild lesson. Fairies and elves are the instruments of happiness in all three plays.

*Mr. O'Grady's Party* is a fourth juvenile by Kathryn Heisenfelt, but is suitable for children a little older. A grouchy store-keeper and landlord shows a tender spot in his heart to climax a humble celebration of St. Patrick's Day.

*The Seal of Confession* by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. F. G. Holweck, now revised by William M. Lamers to a three-act drama, is too well-known a story to need much commendation. It has always been a favorite with Catholic audiences, and in its shorter form is sure to please any American play-goers. Those who have seen the movie based on Father Spillman's story, *A Victim to the Seal of Confession* know what tense and exciting action can be crowded into a short play based on the same work. The play is in its fifth edition.

*The Mother of Our Saviour* and *The Mother of Sorrows*, both by Rev. Mathias Helfen, are the first two parts of a trilogy of Holy Rosary pageant-dramas. Those who enjoy religious pageants, set in a spiritual atmosphere and accompanied by spiritual song and music, will find this trilogy an admirable piece of work. The most attractive feature is the forceful way in which the Rosary is shown to have direct bearing on modern life. Sodalitys, parish societies, and school children should be urged to play these productions—even without an audience if necessary—for the spiritual benefit the players will receive. *The Mother of Glory*, the third part of the trilogy, is to be produced later. Each part may be played independently of the others. The cast can be either female or mixed.

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